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THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1918.

Where Were the Police?

Where are the police? was a query that was many times during the ceremonies last evening marked the departure of Rock Island's contingent of the national army for its period of service. Such officers as were detailed to keep the line open for the parade were completely frustrated all efforts to make the line and the crowd surged into the streets. It was shown how far behind the times and is in its police department. The want of style which make Rock Island's guard of the peace look like bearcats in winter and the picture comedians in summer extends to the activities of the force, as was clearly apparent. The public has a right to demand a up-to-date service from its bluecoats. It is necessary that they should be wholly ornamental. They should disregard appearances in order to be useful, but where they fall down in both there is something radically wrong.

It was evident that last evening's demonstration was much larger than it was expected to be. Plans had been made for exercises of a informal sort, but the outpouring of people that those taking part were swallowed up. All along the line of march greatest was found keeping a way open and at the crush was such that those near and dear to boys in many cases found it physically to clasp their hands or even to catch them during the half hour while entrainment progress.

At a time a contingent of the national army is on Rock Island it is to be hoped the police take adequate steps to cope with the situation. It has been shown that they will do their part. It is intelligent direction by the authorities constituted to act in such capacity.

Bayoff says he expects to form an army of men for the defense of Russia. If there is more to do than enlist a million men it be hope that the Russians would soon aggressions. There is plenty of human for any army, but unfortunately there are requisites besides men, such as food, and arms, that Russia in her present state is unprepared to supply.

70 out of 1,700 spinning and weaving mills, 1,400 boot and shoe factories, 15 out of concerns and 2,500 out of 45,000 silk spindles operating in Germany. These figures, common Teuton sources, indicate vividly the extent which industry has been disorganized within the domain.

ing Good Citizens Out of Bad Ones

The United States must swat the spy whatever it is and it has no alternative but to use most measures to suppress words and acts of who are disloyal, whether they are alien or disgruntled ones among the native born citizens. Congress is now considering which will greatly strengthen the hand of the department of justice in prosecuting those patriotism is of an actively negative

Rock Island, as elsewhere in the United States, is kept over those whose loyalty is questioned and every bit of information which might lead to uncovering of pro-German activities is investigated. Where there is ground for action individuals before officers of the department of justice what is expected of them and given per warning. This is a wise and necessary proceeding, but those who act for the government must be the greatest tact. They try to see to it that they give is no more severe than the case is.

ions of German and Austrian-born residents country are, of course, good and loyal Americans. Nearly, if not all of them, would be if they knew the facts that the government is in possession of. Rough repressive measures may help to ward the interests of Uncle Sam for the time but they will not always make good citizens of indifferent ones. Ignorance and prejudice are not cured by force. Before anyone whose loyalty is questioned is given up as hopelessly pro-German should be supplied with something that will make him to become 100 per cent American by reasoning, which is the only way it can be done. He should be put in the line of an education in patriotism. Often a man at the right time in the right way will

turn the trick. Agents of the department of justice should be liberally supplied with literature to give to those who come under their scrutiny.

One pro-American in this country is worth half a dozen pro-Germans sent back to Germany.

Regardless of whether or not the efforts to interest congress in the deepening of the old Illinois & Michigan canal succeed the waterway has been found to be good for something besides a place in which to fish. A pro-German was ducked in it the other day.

On the face of the election returns the government is almost justified in internment the entire city of Milwaukee.

Pruning the City's Budget.

Faced with a reduction of nearly \$100,000 in city revenues the municipal commission is wise in losing no time in beginning its program of retrenchment. If the annual budget is pruned judiciously it is believed that few really important projects will suffer. It will not be necessary to cut down police or fire departments. On the contrary, it should be possible to continue to build up both to meet our growing needs. When the motor truck, now ordered, arrives we shall need only a modern aerial truck to complete the motorization of the fire department as far as now seems advisable. But two outlying stations will then be left to rely upon horse drawn equipment and this will serve till street improvements in the suburbs are considerably extended. Only such public improvements as are absolutely necessary should be undertaken anyway, so long as the war is in progress, and the city's share will not be heavy.

Financially the city is in better shape than it has been for years. It has but \$75,000 outstanding in bonds and under present laws it is permitted to borrow to the extent of \$300,000, if it comes to the worst. But new bond issues are not to be thought of now, except as a last resort.

New York learned some startling things from its recent "garbage pail" investigation, which showed that people of that city waste yearly in stale bread and bread scraps the equivalent of 690,000 bushels of wheat and meat to the value of several millions of dollars. The city council, spurred to action, passed an ordinance fixing a penalty of a fine of \$50 and imprisonment of 10 days, or both, for wantonly wasting food.

The women put Rock Island dry, and they have a right to expect the men to keep it so.

The Government With Us.

The suggestion made by The Argus of last evening, that the five mile zone of government liquor regulation in Rock Island be made coextensive with vice restrictions, in view of the result of the saloonless election, has met with popular approval. Had Rock Island failed to record itself against the continuation of the sale of liquor within its borders the government would promptly have stepped in. There is no doubt about that. The city having run out the saloon, why not have the strong arm of the government, anyway, in the enforcement of the law.

Blind pigs by the hundreds, bootleggers galore, will all very soon threaten, following the exit of the saloon. There is need of government aid in keeping them out.

So let's have the government with us in these days of reformation and transformation for, as Rock Island is in for a cleaning, let us make a good one—not merely for the period of the war, but for all time.

It is semi-officially stated that Germany declines to enter into any league of nations for the maintenance of peace on the ground that the idea is fantastic and impossible and that it would be certain to deceive the hopes of the people "most cruelly." This being the case it becomes incumbent upon the allies to continue the league for the maintenance of war.

We have a suspicion that the Dutch are not as angry over our course in taking possession of their shipping as they pretend to be. Of course they must make a good deal of noise if they hope to continue to get along in comparative peace with the big, dominating neighbor on their east.

The New Censorship.

If Secretary Baker considers it necessary to tighten the censorship at the front, we here at home have no right to take issue with him. He has been in touch with our leaders in the field and with the leaders of our allies, and he undoubtedly has the best of reasons for the course he has taken. No one not directly connected with direction of our war machine has adequate means of judging what information will be of value to the enemy. We who are giving our sons and brothers and our material resources in the cause for world freedom can ill afford to imperil the effectiveness of our forces by demanding information which may benefit the enemy far more than it will benefit us.

Americans are learning the spirit of self-sacrifice—something which too many of us have been lacking in. We believe fullest publicity is absolutely necessary to democratic government, but we are coming to understand that a democracy as a whole cannot successfully prosecute a war against a powerful and relentless enemy. We know that full publicity is impossible now and we are willing to forego it for the period of the war, but when this terrible conflict is over we will want to know all about it and we, as a people, will demand as our right a voice in determining the plays for reconstruction.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

GIVE HIM A LIFT.
Give him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer.
Nor moralize with his despair.
The man is down and his great need
Is ready help, not prayer and creed.

'T is time when wounds are washed and healed,
That the inward motive be revealed;
But now, whatever the spirit be,
Mere words are but a mockery.

One grain of aid just now is more
To him than tomes of saintly lore.
Pray, if you must, pray in your heart.
But give him a lift, give him a start.

The world is full of good advice,
Of prayer and praise and preaching nice;
But the generous souls who aid mankind
Are scarce as gold and hard to find.

Give like a Christian—speak in deeds!
A noble life's the best of creeds;
And he shall wear a royal crown
Who gives them a lift when they are down.

—Unidentified.

AT the annual for it is oftener than that) display of the latest imported gowns in New York, the first utterance from the audience of feminine onlookers was the cry, "The silt skirt again." Yep, it's back among us. But it seems, the silt was not intended by the designers. It was found in putting them on the lady models that they were so narrow that they had to be silt if there was to be any movement of the pedal extremities at all.

Reason Enough.
"No," remarked the young man, with a touch of sadness in his voice, "It may be that some day happiness will be mine, but at present it is beyond me. There is a girl whom I love dearly. She would have me if I only asked her, but I dare not. I really cannot marry and live on six thousand a year."
His two friends, to whom he spoke, looked at him in wonder. For a moment they were speechless on their youthful countenances. But presently speech returned to them exactly at the same time, and they fairly howled in their excitement.
"You cannot marry on six thousand a year? Why not?"
"Why not?" echoed the youth with the sad voice, which grew still sadder. "Why, simply because I haven't got the six thousand."

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS.
Little Belgian babes are crying.
And their mothers almost dying.
Make the Kaiser get the cramps—
When you buy war savings stamps.
—ALBERT L. WALLACE.
Franklin School.

A PAPER of a nearby village reports many of the residents victims of "false" measles, which may simply mean the w. k. German measles.

Easy; the 5 and 10.
I notice by a paper that in Boston a cow and a calf went shopping. They went into three different places. The first was a tailor shop, the second a florist's shop and the third one was a place that, without visiting it, no shopping tour is complete. Can you guess it?
—C. C. H.

One of the Reasons Why R. L. Went to Pekin (Beacon).

Having obtained work there Owen Lee Clearwater has moved to Rock Island.

WASSON wires our op. from the Cedar Rapids Gazette that previous to this time there has never been cause to doubt his loyalty. But he warns, from now on he'll bear watching. He says he could easily face the meatless, wheatless and other "less" days, but when the government without warning announces it he bought up the extra tire output of Bull Durham with the expectation that he must go without, it's going too far.

Twenty Years Ago.
The Kaiser still had fifteen or sixteen years to wait before opening his little war.

Rock Island was wet.
Millions of people in the United States had never heard of Hoover. Many loyal citizens raised pigs in their backyards, and hadn't been appealed to by the government to do it either.

McConchie was not mayor of the city.
There were several things Edison hadn't invented.
The "best people" rode bicycles, which were not as thick as ads are now.

I was still my mother's candidate for president.

Trouble Ahead for Downs.

(Osborne, K. N., Farmer).
I. N. Rogers, who has conducted a barber shop in Downs for 28 years, has sold out. He will take lessons for seven weeks on a violin at Lindsborg, and then return to Downs.

Lawyers, Consider Yourselves B. O. (Reynolds Press).
Clelland McIntire reported in Rock Island Monday morning for jury service. Owing to dilatory lawyers, no cases were ready and the jurors were excused for a week.

WELL, now that the town has been voted dry and the saloons must close their doors May 1, those with the thirst for liquid refreshment had better get busy and stock up.

THERE'S only 26 days left.
O. D. K.

THE DUTCH PROTEST



Someone and Somebody

By Porter Emerson Brown

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CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT.
Concerning a Job and a Cottage and a Lot of Things.

Back from securing his job (oh, surely, he got it, of course!) our hero and our heroine, with the garage owner, go out and inspect the cottage.

A tiny cottage it is, painted white, with green blinds. To one end clings a garbled and knotted wistaria vine, waving proud plumes of violet. A little white porch it has in front, approached by a walk of flags. Inside a parlor, and a kitchen down-stairs; upstairs two bedrooms, with dormers and low ceilings, and a bath.

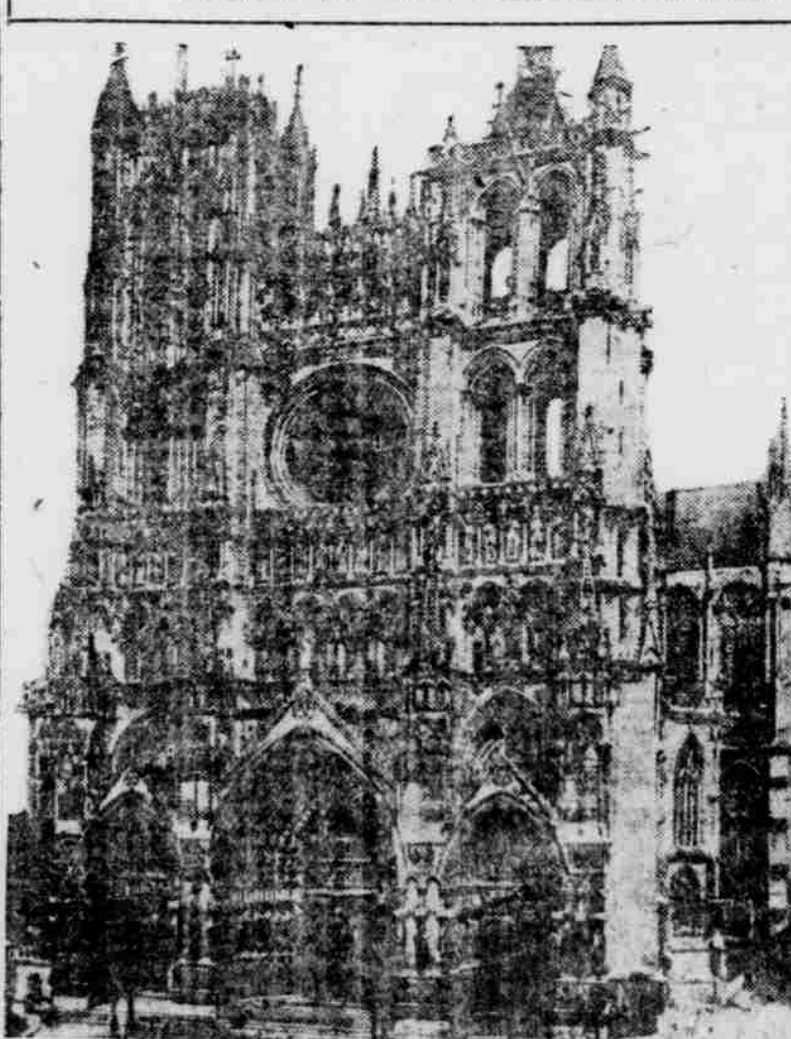
"Oh, it's all fixed up swell, all right," says the garage owner. "It belongs to a rich feller, in New York. His aunt got a bug she wanted to live in the country; so he takes an' buys this place, an' fixes it all up, an' she comes out here an' lives a couple months or so. But she don't like it."

"No!" cries our heroine, in amazement. Imagine anybody not liking such a dear of a place!
"No," says the garage owner. "She says it's too noisy."

"Noisy?" assents the garage owner. "You see, she's used to living right next to the elevated railroad."

"An' she can't stand the crickets, an' the frogs, an' the roosters halloin' in, an' such terrible racket as them." So she piles back to New York an' if you an' your husband—a warning look from our heroine to our hero—"likes the place, I guess it's your'n all right. Y'see, Jake's the agent."

BEAUTIFUL AMIENS CATHEDRAL MARK TO TEMPT GUNS OF ENEMY



The cathedral at Amiens, the objective of the enemy in their efforts to cut off the transportation and communications of the Allied forces, is one of the oldest and most beautiful in France and as such would be a tempting target to the foe in their love of vandalism and depredation.

Our hero turns to the garage owner.

"I don't know how I'll be able to thank you," he says, "for getting me this job. You don't waste no time tryin' to figger it out," returns that worthy. "By darn!" he cries suddenly. "I was mighty nigh forgettin' something!" He takes from his pocket a leather bag; from this he extracts a five-dollar bill. This he hands to our hero.

"Here," he says. "What's that for?" asks our amazed hero.

"You gotter cat till pay-day, ain't you—you an' her?"

"Why, yes, only—"

"Pay me back Sat'ay," commands the garage owner.

"But—"

"So long. I gotter go set down some'er's an' figger what I'm goin' to do next. If I can get Jake to go on my note for a couple hundred—he's certainly gotter have his car when they stops to his hotel? An'—hey! Jake!"

At which the garage owner abruptly departs after the disappearing Jake.

Without a word, side by side, our hero and our heroine make their way back to the cottage. . . . So, for a long, long moment, they stand, watching the tiny white cottage nestling so happily amid the living summer green of God's earth, beneath the arching dome of green of His trees. . . .

"It's—beautiful!" says our heroine softly.

"Yes," he says slowly. "It's—home!" says our heroine. Her voice breaks a little.

Again our hero nods. "Home!" he says.

He looks down at our heroine. Tears lie in her eyes; but on her lips there is a smile. . . . She looks up at him.

"Why," he asks, "didn't you want me to tell them that we—that we—"

"Weren't—married?"

He nods. "Because I—wanted a—job, too."

"A job? You?"

She nods. "I'm going to be your general house worker."

"What?"

"That is," she says slowly, "if you—want me."

"Want you?"

"I'm not a very good cook yet, sir," she continues. "But I'm young, and strong, and I can wash and make beds. And if you'll only give me a trial, I'm sure, sir, I'll do my best to suit you."

Our hero's eyes fill a little. . . . Our heroine sees. . . . Her tone changes. . . .

"If I had let you tell them that we weren't married," she explains, "it would have made it uncomfortable for—everybody. As it is—"

"But—"

"I know what you're going to say. But what I think is that what we do is our affair and only ours. The world hasn't been so considerate of me that I should care much what it thinks. . . . I have no one in it that cares for me the slightest bit. Only one person had ever been decent to me—until you—"

"Yes."

"And if I can help you in any way—and of course myself—why shouldn't I? . . . That," she finishes slowly, "is the way I feel. Of course, if you feel different—"

He interjects quickly. "It was only of you that I was thinking."

"Then don't think any more," she pleads, swiftly. "It's the first happiness, the first peace, the first contentment I've had in a hundred years. I'm not going to quarrel with it! So go over to the store and get some eggs and a loaf of

The Daily Short Story

HER STRATEGY.

By Mildred White.

As the new doctor passed down Main street, admiring glances and friendly greetings came to him from every side. Though he had but lately come to fill the place of a former classmate gone to war, Bruce MacDonald had quickly gained the confidence of the community. But in one manner he disappointed, positively he persisted in refusing all social invitations.

His life was to be one of duty, not pleasure, he announced. And interested maidens lamented:

There were few desirable men left in the suburban town, and they had counted much upon the dissolution of his brilliant companionship. The record of "brilliance" preceded him. Had not his pictured face appeared in city papers in connection with worthy activities? But all unheeding, the new doctor passed on, until his foot stumbled against some object lying directly in his path on Main street. Curiously, he stooped to pick it up; the crumpled object was a woman's rubber. Small, high-heeled and new it was, some one had evidently dropped it, perhaps entering an auto, and had not noticed its loss. Dr. MacDonald turned the rubber over in his hand, there upon the white lining were inked initials and an address. J. T. he deciphered, 24 Main street, west; 24 must be—why, it was just opposite. It would delay him but a moment to run up the steps and leave the shoes at the door.

A maid opened the door, but when he would have delivered the rubber into her care, she withdrew, leaving the young doctor standing in a sunny reception hall. But he had not long to wait; down the stairway came swift feet; a girl stood before him, absorbed, as was his custom, in thought of professional duties, he might have neglected to observe this young woman's many and evident charms; she had not delayed him by professing doubt as to the rubber's ownership.

"This address is plainly written upon the inside," he told her. But in that moment of delay, her eyes twinkling with some hidden merriment, caught and held his own bewilderingly.

"So kind of you to trouble," she murmured.

"No trouble at all," the doctor returned, and still lingered in the hall.

Confusedly he picked up the morning paper lying upon the vestibule floor and handed it to her.

The girl gave a little cry of distress. "Oh, do you see the heading?" she asked. "More of our boys leaving for the front—ain't it all—dreadful?" Her sympathetic face questioned him. "And you," she said, "are you?"

The doctor shook his head. "I am a little beyond the age limit," he answered, "and I am taking Dr. Smith's place here during his absence."

"Yes, I know," the girl replied; she smiled, "we soon learn all about strangers." Impulsively she put forth her hand. "I am glad to meet you," she went on frankly cordial, "you see, your fame has traveled before you. We have been counting great ups and downs in the Red Cross lectures, and all that."

Dr. MacDonald was embarrassed; it was such public affairs to which he had been obliged to give resolute refusal. "My regular work takes every moment of my time," he murmured.

The owner of the little rubber was plainly disappointed, also she was determined to be cheerful in her disappointment.

"Oh, we shall no doubt find some one else," she said. Her bright gaze fell upon him. "Though of course we would, he preferred our own resident physician."

The doctor hesitated with his hand upon the door knob, the charming girl hesitated, looking down upon her recovered shoe.

"If you had not found this," she remarked, "I might have been obliged to go home from the Red Cross lectures, and thank you."

Suddenly the door opened from outside and a tall youth burst into the room.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Billy!" cried the girl; she gave him a little shake. "Dr. MacDonald," she introduced, "this is my brother."

The doctor's face expressed amused astonishment at the boy's continued perplexing stare. But when he had gone, that youth dropped in mock helplessness into the nearest chair.

"You are a wonder, Josie," he said. "How did you do it? Here it was only last night that I bet you a five-pound box of chocolates you couldn't get acquainted with Dr. MacDonald. You came right back, then, you would bet he'd call at the house in a day or two, and here he is, first thing this morning. Course, now he has met you, we know the rest of the story. The chocolates are yours; but, by George! how in the world did you do it?"

"Billy," reproved his sister, the dancing light of her eyes had given way to an unusual softness. "I do not want your candy. He—he is far too nice to bet about."

And a few moments later, Dr. MacDonald, with a like softness in his own keen eyes, was at the telephone.

"As to that Red Cross meeting this evening, Mrs. Benson," he was saying, "I have reconsidered. You may count upon me, sure, to be there."

bread and a slice of ham and some coffee and butter and pepper and salt and milk and things. And I'll go in and start the fire. It's twelve o'clock and I'm as hungry as—as—as a raging lion!"

With joy in his heart, lips whispering, our hero makes his way down the village street. . . . Anon, arms laden with comestibles, he makes his way back again. . . . In the kitchen, the young heroine, sleeves to the elbow, slinking like a lark, and trying to build a fire upside down.

(Continued tomorrow.)